Dear Debow, I send you your cloak which it is thought decidedly evidence of insanity in you to have left. Of course nothing can have happened in so short an interval as the one that has lapsed since you departed, & so there is no news. Renault & Adine have presented Mrs Chapman with a splendid transparent china lamp work. Three beautiful landscapes on it each more beautiful than the other — A sort of Nurse lamp in shape & plan, with a little teapot which will heat you some water when you are tired of looking at the pictures. So Mary they have presented a Joan of Arc in Parisian Bronze, which the Parisians think more beautiful than any bronze in the world, It is the Duchess of Wurtemburg's work, (Louis Philippe's daughter — now dead) & the original is as large as life. The little copy, (a foot & a half high you have seen smaller ones of unglazed porcelain in shops windows perhaps) is most exquisitely beautiful in design — execution — expression. It is here headed in armour holding to its breast the sword which it was revealed her in a dream to take from the altar at — you know where doubtless but I have forgotten. The third present (which seems to be "undis" but which, being a fixture to the house on account of its fragility, may be called the family-gift, & which he can't take down to the Store" makes it brilliant in a shady place" as Henry and my yellow & blue vase, & broke it) is a coloffne carafke or decanter so to speak. of a delicate claret colour. The

stopper of which is the family arms — a crescent.
Ann has some Roman lamps for the fair which
are at yet unpacked. Yesterday came up from
the Locket just arrived, a splendid China plate,
for me from Madame Mary, who, recollecting my
"grand desir de procures un petit objet de Christophe,"
had done herself the honour to send this, having the
crowned Phenix in the centre on a blue shield
& the edge being most beautiful gilded & coloured
en suite a half dish. It is just such a plate as
"the nobility & gentry" have executed, with their arms
in the centre when they visit the Sèvre porcelain works,
& is one of the dinner plates of his best set. We talk
of sending it to Harriet Martineau, & of having it
purchased by joint contributions at a high price
at the fair. Wendell has written a letter to the
Plymouth folks, urging them to work for the
fair. Caroline & Henry went to Mr Peabody's yes-
terday morning, but he was not there. Mr
Briggs of Plymouth preached. We are reading the records of a
testy-room, a very amusing account of an
Ecclesiastical Scrape down east, the main actors of
which are Tappans & Westons. Judge Westons wife
is the party about to be excommunicated for defending
dancing, & the excommunicator is "a Tappan," who as
we all cried out "will be a Tappan all the world
over." I suppose the Judge is some connexion of Uncle

Henry [Brainard], of the Threshing floor?) & I have finished Lucretia's Speech. It makes 12 pages. Wendells Lazenep pennails & he will not put up his for the Lib. I mean the one I sent him of the 15th of Aug. There is to be a board meeting this morning & if what transpires there, I will tell you on my return. We shall go to Rochester & thence by the Middle of the week & by the air there:

afternoon

We have sent $100 to the Philanthropist for the Mass Soc — Got the petitions out, or rather into the printer's hands. Henry & I are on the point of starting for Weymouth — & shall stay 2½ hours or so. Lucretia Mott & party left a quarter of an hour ago for Philadelphia. I ~~enclose~~ send verses said to have been a jeu d'esprit of an orthodox minister who witnessed Josiah Forbes's orthodox agonies at the World Convention.

Josiah Josiah!
Thou seemst all on fire
In thy zeal for the orthodox creed
It embitters thy lot
To behold Mrs Mott
Going forth to sow Heterodox seed.

When she rises to speak,
Grave, lofty & meek,
Thy Quaker soul's all in a fuss;
And when she has done
Thou art off with a run
Crying "That woman's not one of us."

No more at present from your cloakheaver

W W Chapman

If you dont herewith receive your cloak,
make a fuss.

Deborah Weston

Care of James H. Stanton

New Bedford

Mass

Hand L. Express